

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

*All deere natures children: sweete-
Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feete
Blessing their sence.
Not an angle of the aire,
Bird melodious, or bird faire,
Is absent hence.*

*Strew
Flowers.*

*The Crow, the flaunderous Cuckoe, nor
The boding Raven, nor Clough bee
Nor chattring Pie,
May on our Bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring
But from it fly.*

*Enter 3. Queenes in Blacke, with vailles stained, with impe-
riall Crownes. The 1. Quene fells downe at the foote of
Theseus; The 2. fells downe at the foote of Hypolita. The
3. before Emilia.*

*1. Qu. For pitties sake and true gentilities,
Heare, and respect me.*

*2. Qu. For your Mothers sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with faire ones,
Heare and respect me,*

*3. Qu. Now for the love of him whom Ioue hath marked
The honour of your Bed, and for the sake
Of cleere virginity, be Advocate
For us, and our distresses: This good deede
Shall raze you out o'th Booke of Trespases
All you are set downe there.*

Theseus. Sad Lady rise;

Hypol. Stand up.

Emil. No knees to me.

*What woman I may steed that is distressed,
Does bind me to her.*

Thes. What's your request? Deliver you for all.

*1. Qu. We are 3. Queenes, whose Soveraignes fell before
The wrath of cruell Creon; who endured
The Beakes of Ravens, Talents of the Knights,*

And

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*And pecks of Crowes, in the fo
He will not suffer us to burne th
To urne their ashes, nor to take
Of mortall loathsomenes from t
Of holy Phabus, but infects the
With stench of our slaine Lords.
Thou purger of the earth, draw
That does good turnes to'th we
Of our dead Kings, that we may
And of thy boundles goodnes ra
That for our crowned heades w
Save this which is the Lyons, and
And vault to every thing.*

*Thes. Pray you kneele not,
I was transported with your Sp
Your knees to wrong themselves
Of your dead Lords, which give
As wakes my vengeance, and re
King Capaneus, was your Lord
That he should marry you, at st
As now it is with me, I met your
By Mars's Altar, you were th
Not Iunos Mantle fairer then y
Nor in more bounty spread her
Was then nor threas'd, nor blas
Dimpled her Cheeke with smile
(Then weaker than your eies) lai
He tumbled downe upon his Ne
And swore his sinews thawd: O
Fearefull consumers, you will all*

*1. Qu. O I hope some God
Some God hath put his mercy i
Whereto hee infuse powre, and
Our undertaker.*

*Thes. O no knes, none Wide
Vnto the Helmeted-Belona use
And pray for me your Souldier.
Troubled I am.*

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